

Fireproof

songfics - II

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Fireproof by toes-ier (snowglobegays)

Series: [songfics \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

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Fireproof

Author's Note:

wrote this in like 10 minutes, but i couldnt get the idea of mike singing fireproof to stan out of my head :(

based on Fireproof by One Direction (pls listen its an incredible song)

The sunset scorched across the sky in cloudy streaks of red and orange and yellow, and Mike and Stan sat on a soft brown blanket spread across the dying grass under their tree. Leaves above them were slowly turning color, and some gently floated down onto their setup. Mike's guitar was propped up on the tree, and Stan's notebook and binoculars were discarded to the side so the two of them could lay and watch the sky. Sunlight cascaded across Stan's cheeks and hair and Mike was more mesmerized by him than clouds.

Stan looked up from where he was laying across Mike's chest and smiled softly. "Why are you looking at me?"

"Because you're beautiful," Mike answered simply. "The sky's got nothing on you."

A fiery pink blush stained Stan's cheeks. "The sky is gorgeous though," he protested.

"I said it's got nothing on you, baby. You're an enigma, but the sun sets every day."

So they laid in peaceful serenity until the burning colors in the sky faded to pastels and streetlights lit up around them. Then Mike took a deep breath and said, "Get up, I want to show you something."

Stan sat up confusedly and arched his back (*like a cat*) while gazing at his boyfriend. "What is it, baby?"

Reaching over to grab his guitar and settle it in his lap, Mike winked and said "I want to sing to you."

“Oh,” Stan blushed again, and Mike’s heart *thump thumped* hard in his chest. “What are you singing?”

And this is where Mike was nervous, because this song was so out of his comfort zone, and so different from what he normally sang. Usually, he serenaded Stan with easy to sing and upbeat songs, songs that would make them both laugh and grin and maybe even get up to dance. This was different. This was sweeter. This was also the first time Mike would say *I love you*.

He strummed a few times while biting his lip before answering. “I know how much you love them, and this song, so I learned it for you. This is all for you, Stan.”

“Wh-?” Stan started to ask, but Mike interrupted by beginning the song.

Of course, Stan recognized the tune in seconds, clapping a hand softly over his mouth, the other one gripping tightly to the leg of his pants.

“ *I think I'm gonna lose my mind, something deep inside me I can't give up,* ” Mike sang softly, focusing intently on the placement of his fingers on the guitar, too nervous to look at Stan. “ *I think I'm gonna lose my mind, I roll and I roll 'til I'm out of luck, yeah, I roll and I roll 'til I'm out of luck.* ”

A soft breeze wafted between them. Mike knew Stan’s hair would be adorable ruffled, and Stan would immediately reach up to fix it, but he kept his eyes down .

He sung the next verse as the breeze died, and then his stomach coiled up, because it was time for the chorus. “*Cause nobody knows you, baby, the way I do, and nobody loves you, baby, the way I do.*” and he said it! Mike just told Stan that he *loves* him. “*It's been so long, it's been so long, maybe you're fireproof, 'cause nobody saves me, baby, the way you do.*”

Finally, Mike braved a look up at Stan, and nearly stopped the song at the sight. Stan was sitting in shock, eyes wide and full of tears that he let drip down his pink cheeks. Making Stan cry was something Mike had *never* intended, but he knew he had to keep going.

" I think I'm gonna win this time, riding on the wind and I won't give up, I think I'm gonna win this time, I roll and I roll, 'til I change my luck, I roll and I roll, 'til I change my luck. " And Mike was crying a little, too, because he always associated this song with Stan.

The day *Fireproof* was released, in eighth grade, Stan had stayed home from school, sick, and Mike was still home schooled at that point, so he rode his bike down to the Uris residence with soup his grandpa helped him make and a kitten the farm cat had a few weeks prior. Stan had made him listen to the new One Direction song on repeat all day long, but Mike found he didn't mind, because watching Stan play with the tiny kitten and smile softly over the steaming soup made the repetitiveness so worth it. Mike remembers Stan trying to sing along before he knew all the words, stuttering to the tune with a stopped up nose and whispery voice. When the rest of the Losers got out of school, Ben and Richie ran to Stan's house to gush over the song together, but Mike stayed, sitting in the corner, loving how Stan's eyes were lit up, how he laughed so brightly, how he played with the kitten instead of picking at the circle of scars lining his face.

That was one of the best days of Mike's life.

So, the song would be forever associated with Mike realizing his blossoming feelings for Stan, and he wanted their first *I love you* to be romantic, and singing what he considered to be 'their song' was the best idea he had.

" 'Cause nobody knows you, baby, the way I do, and nobody loves you, baby, the way I do, it's been so long, it's been so long, maybe you're fireproof, 'cause nobody saves me, baby, the way you do. " Mike finished softly, and looked back up at Stan. "Baby?" he asked softly.

"Sing it again," Stan croaked. "Please."

Laughing, Mike set his guitar aside and crawled so he was inches in front of his boyfriend. "Why?" he whispered.

Stan wiped his eyes viciously. The dying sun still lit up his eyes. "Because it was beautiful," he said hoarsely. "And I... I love you, Mike. That was the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me."

Mike cupped Stan's cheeks. His thumb brushed the scars by his ear, and Stan leaned into the touch. They leaned in and kissed, slowly, softly, and when they pulled apart, Mike smiled. "I love you too, Stan Uris. So much. I'll sing it for you as many times as you want." But Stan pulled him into a hug, and Mike's shoulder grew a little damp. "Why are you crying, baby?"

"You're perfect," Stan said, muffled. "I love you with every fiber of my being, Mike Hanlon. You're my whole world."

And it was Mike's turn to cry.

So they sat, on their soft brown blanket, hugging, kissing, cuddling, crying, until all the stars came out and they could see constellations reflected in each other's eyes.

We must be fireproof.

Author's Note:

thank you for reading !!!!!!!

comments + kudos make my world go 'round